

Tongue her sentimentality was about like that
of a Homeric siren, to borrow a Huxleyian

Similie -- that's all I'll say.

THIS IS THE NUB OF IT, YOU FORCE YOUR WILL

On others because of their need. Is this
politics, or is it economics? Is it education

Or is it religion? Is this the nub of it? Who
is without will, and who is with need? The wolf

Weans her young. She trains them not to shit
the lair. The wolf does not rape his females

They like us are a community kind. Where are we? What
is the difference? Pound was right, the broker

Is the great evil one. But why the obsession with
economics? The broker has his claw and his fang

Or his clacking tongue in on every human insti-
tution. Pound was wrong. The broker was

Only by chance a Jew. The broker is,
by human design, you --

You being human.

AN ARCHING GROSSNESS OF UNCUT STEMS IS

The only battlefield I have known. I've shot
them all dead with me eyes closed -- Shut-Eye

Dick. If they had poked me would they have
known I was only a possum? The defoliated

Jungle. Do you castrate the enemy among all
the punk and dead leaves, the spores great

As puff-balls? Eyes fixed, glazed -- absorbing
all the light, reflecting nothing. It's no

Mirror I'll find my rusticated retreat re-
flected out of, much less my soul, so-

Called. I'm not wanting to be known as
a castrater of corpses -- even this self-

Commissioned captain of artillery. Though she
manned the howitzers that blasted out

The unkept laurels -- the roses.

IF BULLTOVEN'S REPUTATION GOT WORSE YET

Had it more or less to do with his urinary
incontinence? Wherein does the existential

Have its conception and its birth, when the word
is named, or when the name is rendered nug-

Atory past cavil? Undine it was to relate the story
once he was surely dead. He pissed his

Pant's leg ringing the door-bell to beg
a friendly commode -- then lied a dog had

Lifted a leg on him in the street. Now he
must surely take them off and dry them for half

An hour or more. Likely story. As if it were
not his gonads that had always kept

His imagination at work with words.

THE OLD STALLION HAS HIS BLACK COCK OUT

All the way, and his head is resting
upon the rail as if he might be

Dreaming. If you are human you can
think what his dream might be

The two fillies and the old mare are
unconcerned. He pulls it back in

And walks away. He stops a moment
and pisses a white froth. And walks away

These horses are Americans -- Protestants
or Roman Catholics. In the Stones of Konarak

Did you ever see
Asians behaving like this?